

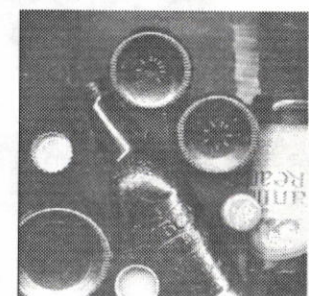
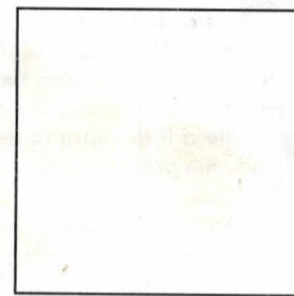
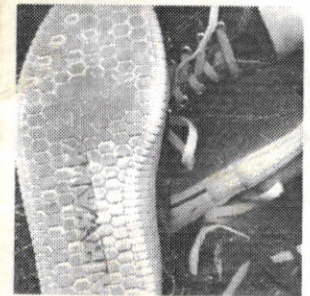


piece of dump fanzine c/o Bobby Frank
2440 W. Winderwood Blvd.
Las Vegas, NV 89122

email: pieceofdumpp@hotmail.com
website: members.aol.com/noh2/index.html

piece of dump

issue ONE ONE dollar

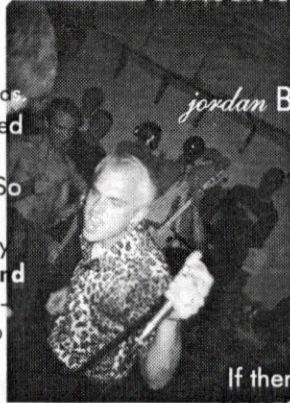


a fanzine

ATARI
SECOND CHANCE
HELP FANZINE

So here it is, issue one is finally done. I'm so fucking glad I got this sonofabitch finished. What inspired me to do this zine the most would have to be Las Vegas. The scene here sucks. It's so unorganized that the average scenester like myself can't bear to just sit back and watch. So I did this because I think the thing that lacks most in Vegas is zines. I seriously haven't seen a decent local zine around for almost a year, and that's just ridiculous! So, for the past ten months or so I've been writing.

enkiendels

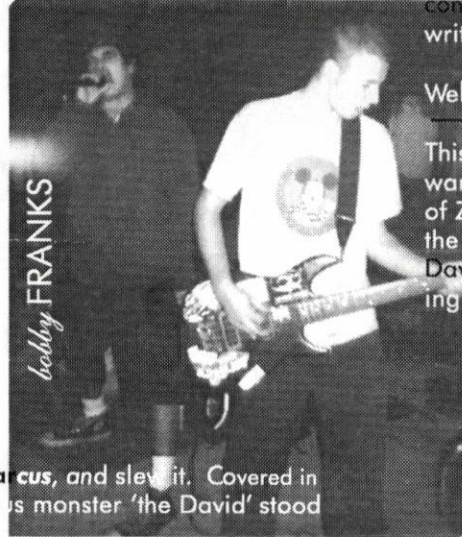


If there is anyone I need to thank the most, it would have to be David. If it wasn't for his computer design skills, this thing would never gotten finished. He really has his shit together when it comes to graphic design. Hopefully contribute a little more in the future, because he really writes some good crap (oxymoron).

Well, I truly hope you enjoy this. -- the bobby

This is my interpretation of the intro... Once upon a time a warrior by the name of 'the David' ventured into the land of Zinetopia. The king of this land was a hearty fellow by the name of 'the Bobby.' King 'the Bobby' enlisted 'the David's' help in defeating the evil beast that was castigating the peasants. 'The David' traveled to the lair of the

falling sickness



giant beast, Layoutacus, and slew it. Covered in the blood of the vicious monster 'the David' stood atop the beast and yelled, "Die! You **PIECE OF DUMP!**" And it did. The End.

Be that as it may, Bobby enlisted my help with the zine and I, with no hesitation, took on the challenge. We have some serious aspects in our columns and writings but mostly its all about punk fucking rock fun!

Hope you like it....and have an aesthetic day.

-- the david

duction

intro the end

Editor -- the bobby

Chief Designer -- the david

Investigative Reporter -- blasto-sarcaso-B

Instigator -- oodapolamus

Systems Technologies Puffport -- the gut

God Maintenance -- cock rocker

Contributions: See the outro page...

We decided that for the closing we would write in the literary style: stream of consciousness. Meaning, simply, whatever pops into our fatigued and overworked heads.

So here it is, the end! Well I'm fucking glad this is over. I'm sitting here at 5:30 a.m. on a Sunday morning because this has to be done by Monday, oh well. I just want to thank you for reading this thing, most of you probably just looked at the pictures and threw this away. Their loss, they don't matter anyway, they're just in it for the popularity. Why does Punk/HxC have to be such a fucking high school thing anyways? I don't care for many of the punk fashions or trends. The true meaning of punk was to be different, so why are we trying so hard to fit a mold? Who cares how much your bondage pants were, I think you're a fucking fool for buying them. I just fucking hate when people use punk for its fashion, there is no fashion in punk dammit! I don't know where I'm getting with this, but I know it makes sense (I hope). Well, thanks again for reading this, and I hope you enjoy it. If you have any comments, just write the address on the back page and I promise I'll write you back. See Ya.

-Bobby Franks

It's been a long haul, but we're finally done with issue one. We've already begun taking pictures and writing for issue number two, so far so good. NEways, enough with the bullshit. Stick with me through this, besides it's almost over anyway. I began this project in hopes of achieving greater knowledge in the area of printing and layout, which I was able to obtain. Along with that knowledge I secured a number of other admirable chunks of wisdom to add to my ever-expanding mind (and I learned how to use my thesaurus to all its extraordinary potential).....I could go on like this for hours but you wouldn't read it, so I'll stop. These last few days have been quite sleepless and I am in the mood for some peaceful slumber, because if I don't get some sleep soon I'm gonna fucking snap. Its all worth it in the end, I suppose, because somewhere down the line I can show this piece of dump off to a loved one, or something close to one, and they'll tell me that I have grown as a designer. I am going to go play STRIFE now, the video game not the musik. Check out the web site @ <http://members.xoom.com/PieceOfDump/index.html> and if you feel so inclined, email me at pieceofdump@hotmail.com. I will update the website weekly so check it often. Buh=-Bye

—David Gorum

this zine was produced with a:

pentium mmx 200mhz
64mb edo ram
2 ~ 2 gig hds
matrox millenium i 4mb wram
umax astra 610s scanner
ton of 35mm cameras (and 10x as much film)
and help from a lot of good friends

programs used:

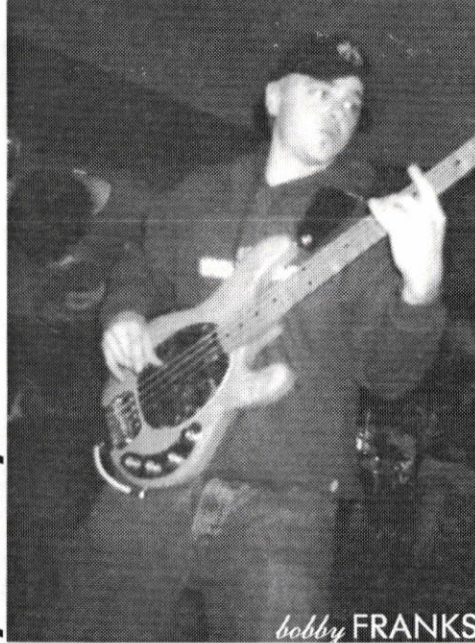
adobe pagemaker ~ for layout
adobe photoshop ~ for image editing
truespace 3 ~ because we all need dimension sometimes

sound track:

coalesce ~ give them rope
track 14 of 'punk uprisings 2' ~ catharsis-"bow down"
ensign ~ direction of things to come
led zeppelin ~ zoso zoso
charles bronson ~ youth attack
link 80 ~ killing katie
satan's pilgrims ~ soul pilgrim

Thanks: to everyone who contributed in any way, shape, or form; Lance; XatariX; Second Chance; Mikey Arnett; Shane; Brian; Dustin; Jade Reed; Perla; the Shelflife crew; the Curl Up and Die crew; Ron; Darzon; Lauren all the Vegas kids; and you (for actually reading this far). Oh, and BRUTE FORCE...

professor punn



computers

This is **your** helpful and resource filled column devoted to the complexities of computers and humanities dealings with them. I don't know if this will be a regular feature, more than likely not. Now, with **formalities** dispensed, let's get it on... Being that the computer industry is filled to the brim with bullshit of all types, I have chosen a topic that will be of some interest to all two people that read this zine, I try to be optimistic. That topic being: the production of the cinematics in all of your favorite playstashun (due to possible copyright *infringements*, I have placed a misspelling with in the text).

Most people out there have no idea how these mini-epics come to life, and could, probably, give an ood's ass. Consider me your professor, if you will, for in the next few paragraphs I will delve into the complexities of 3D animation, post production, storyboarding, and maybe even a little punk rock.

The journey begins with the artist's rendering of the action to occur in the cinematic, by means of storyboards. Things are changed, shot to hell, the artist gets fucked in the ear, and finally a compromise, in the form of a final storyboard, is reached. At this monumental apex, a new dimension enters the picture, the 3rd dimension, that is.

At this point in the process 3D artist design and sculpt the characters, objects, and scenery that bring the cinematic to life. (Get ready for some jargon...) The artists, in the **aforementioned** sentence, use nurbs to bring their sculptures into existence, inverse kinetics to make them move, and UV mapping to give them personality. After all this is done the animation process begins.

This leg of the voyage to the majestic peaks of cinematic brilliance, is, simply, deemed "moving shit around" This part of the process is probably one of the shittiest, and most fun, parts of the journey. The animators and the artists have to combine their skills to direct the path of the characters, actors, if you please. On a side note, controlling these 'actors' is like puppeteering a dead giraffe. After many TRIALS the STRIFE is relieved and the process begins to come to an end. Now comes the rendering, which is, in all simplicity, taking virtual pictures of the characters and their action, and putting them together in a digital filmstrip. At this point only an act of god, or CHARLES BRONSON, can interrupt the process. When this is done a whole new facet of computer genius enters into play, the post production artist. He/she is the guy/gal who takes all of the mess created by the 3D artists, special effects guys, and sound engineers and produces a clean, ready for CD, movie. When his work draws to a close, the final cinematic goes to the CD authorer and is burned, along with the rest of the game, to a compact disc.

Class is out.

By: the David

my dream machine for this issue is a:

dual pentium ii 400's/100 mhz bus ~ with 2mb cache
512mb of ram ~ 100mhz SDRAM
2 ~ 9.1 gig segate cheetah hds (10000 rpm) SCSI
32x CD-ROM -SCSI
AGP configured-fire gl 4000 ~ 16mb of 3DRAM, 15mb ?RAM
sound blaster 64 AWE gold edition
dual 21" lcd monitors from sony
yamaha 2x/4x/6x re-writable CD-ROM
syquest spar-Q--(fuck iomega)
media 100 for video capture and output
sony DV camera
xerox 5790 splash color printer
drum scanner

computers are nice and fun too!

parochial data

a.k.a. local news

Even though it is not as strong as it was, the scene here in good ol' Las Vegas is up and kickin' again after being dead for such a long time. With the return of Benway, we regained full confidence in ourselves, and I'm pretty sure our scene will be back to its good old self in no time.

A lot of new bands have been popping up as of late. Bands like 'Shelflife' and 'Fire Is The Devil's Only' are bringing a more Hardcore sound to the scene that hasn't been in sight since the good old 'Tomorrows Gone'/'Bent Tool'/'Politikill' days (as if it were really that long ago). In my opinion, 'Civic Minded Five' are taking the place of 'Boba Fett Youth'(RIP) as everyone's favorite local band, they fucking rock! A lot of bands have been peeking through, but haven't really played out yet. Bands like 'Loophole' and 'Curl Up And Die' are going to rock in the future. 'Far From It' is, without a doubt, one of the best local bands in a while. '7 Foot Midget' is fucking awesome, I can't wait to hear those kids in two years, they're gonna kick some serious ass.

There has been rumors that 'Tomorrows Gone' is releasing a Discography with a few new songs and some unreleased covers that will definitely rock, if it actually happens. 'Tomorrow's Gone' was probably one of my all time faves when it comes to Vegas bands, they definitely had heart. If you liked T.G. as much as I did, than you'll love 'Part of Me Whore', They consist of familiar faces and play the style of emotional Hardcore.

We should give a great big hand to everyone who is working to get the pirate radio thing off the ground, it takes a lot of heart and dedication to do something that risky just for the scene. "Free Radio" is highly illegal, and they're going out on a limb, just to spread different music and opinions throughout the scene. If you see any flyers for any benefit shows for this cause, it would really be nice if you could stop by and leave a donation, even if you don't like the bands that are playing.



The only thing that is holding this scene back is a decent venue. The desert shows just don't cut it any more! We need to find a decent sized place to have real shows. Fuck the Ozone, fuck the Huntridge, they're both overpriced and I really don't like watching a band when you're fifteen feet away from them. Barricades suck too, I seriously doubt that the bands depend on fifty big and buff security guards to protect them.

We need to find a place where we can operate our own shows and staff our own security. We can get some of our friends to secure the place, that way no one gets hurt. This scene is here for us, not for some stupid booking agency to cash in on. We need to book our own shows at our own spots, the hard part is finding the spot.

Well, that's about it for the local news, I hope you guys and gals enjoy the zine, it's my gift to all of you.

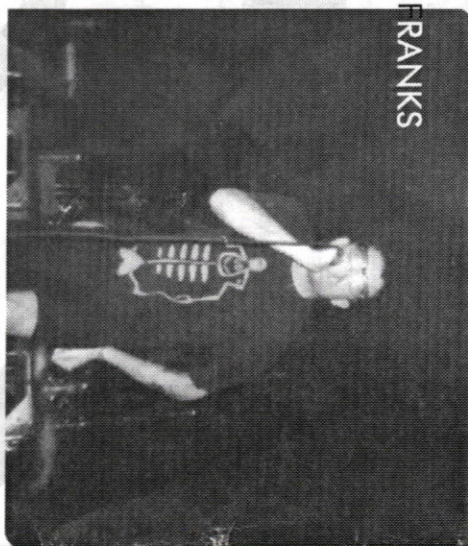
Hey bands! Send me a copy of your demos, I also would like it if you would send me flyers to shows, It's impossible find out where every show is. Stay true.

By: blasto-sarcasto-X

pias

descendents

bobby FRANKS



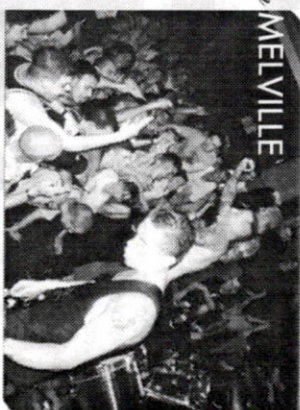
zero in trust



bobby FRANKS

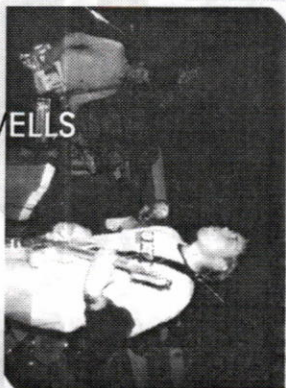
brian

MELVILLE



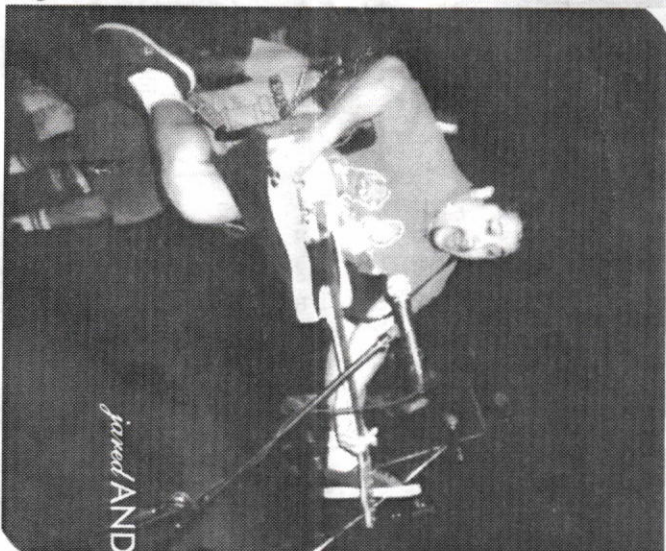
h2o

hoba felt youth



lance WELLS

jared **ANDERSON**



xjon

pias

1134



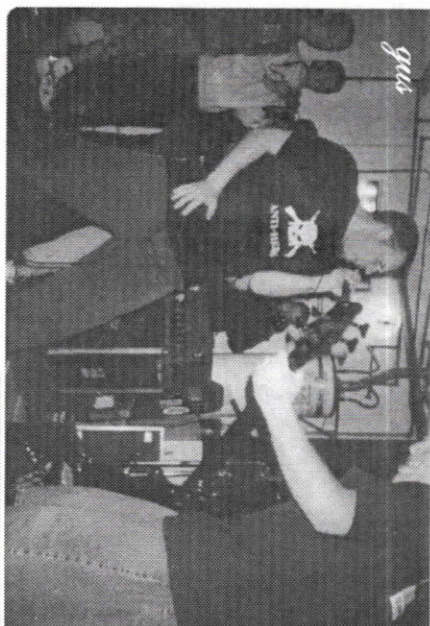
jade **Reed**



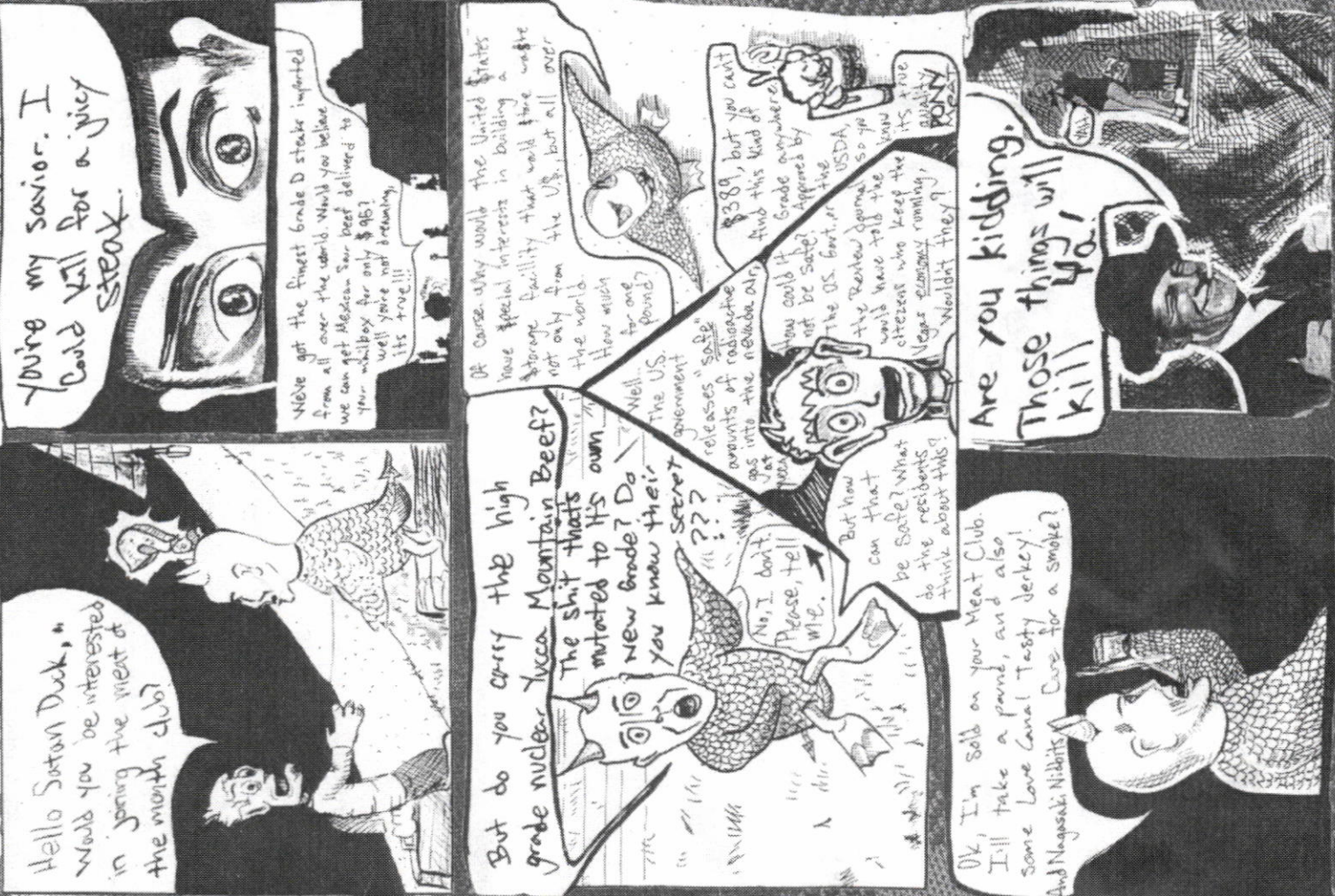
eyelid

matt **Fuchs**

ensign



gus



help

fanzine

help

The word sincere has been blown way out of proportion when being used in reference to Hardcore. But, when I sit back and think about what is really sincere in Hardcore, Help fanzine always comes to mind, for some reason. Maybe it's because Lance (publisher, editor, etc.) has one of the biggest hearts in hardcore today, or maybe it's because he has a lot more to say than the usual HXC gossip. All I know is that his zine kicks ass, and I look forward to every time a new issue comes out. If you're looking for 'sincere' then Help is where it's at...

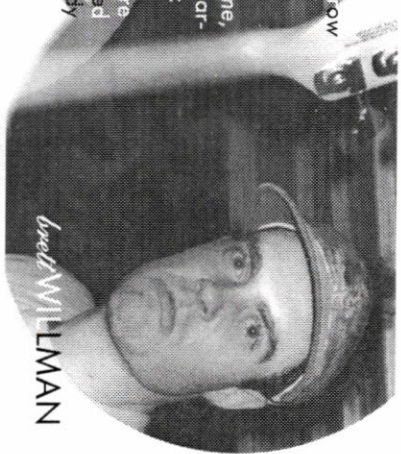
interview by: the Bobby



So why in hell did you decide to make a zine?

You know, I can't remember exactly what it was that finally pushed me to throw my first issue together. I had thought and talked about doing a zine for almost a year before I finally got down to business, and really, I guess I decided to do a zine for the same reasons anyone does. Ever since I first discovered *zines*, I've been intrigued by the fact that anyone can create one, and I figured I could at least do an adequate job, even though I am embarrassed by my first issue. I also wanted to give something back to the music and all the people involved with it. Punk and Hardcore have taught me so much about myself and the world around me, and few things can fuel my fire like a sincere band or a thoughtful zine can. Basically, I guess I just wanted to share what I found with as many people possible, and since I was already doing a band at the time, creating a zine seemed like the next logical step.

Besides, there wasn't much happening in Vegas at the time, and I figured I could **spark** some serious interest. I've made some great friends along the way, and I've turned some people onto some bands, zines, and ideas. I suppose if I quit doing Help tomorrow, I could say I already accomplished what I set out to do in the first place.



What is the legend behind Help?

The legend, huh? Unfortunately, there really isn't much of a story behind the name. I originally had another name picked out for the zine, but I decided on Help at the last minute, probably because that's what I wanted to do with my zine from the very beginning. Like I said before, the scene in Vegas was pretty dead at the time, and I simply wanted to help kids find out about bands and such I knew about. The name Help, and the budget logo itself, actually came from a sticker my brother received in kindergarten. He's always been a smart guy, and one day, when the class was starting a new assignment or something, his teacher put a big sticker on his shirt that read "help". That way the other kids would have someone else to come to if they needed assistance, if that gives you an analogy as to what the Zine is about. At any rate, he put that sticker on our dresser when he got home from school that day, and it's been there ever since. I've seen it almost everyday for the past eighteen years or so, and I kind of just picked it without much thought at the time. Really, though, I'd say I like it, mostly because there's a little history behind it, but also because there's a little meaning that goes along with it as well. It's easy to remember, too, which is convenient.

Most zines are just clones of other zines, in your opinion, what makes your zine stand out from the rest? That's a tough question. I should really ask you that, since you chose to interview me, and apparently like my zine. Honestly though, I basically just took the elements I liked about other zines, and incorporated them into my own. Indecision and Good and Plenty were the first two zines I read that really made an impact on me, and I pretty much just borrowed their same basic format of interviews, photos, and reviews. Oddly enough, I just read a review that called Help a "mini version of Indecision", which is actually rather flattering, and if you've ever seen either of the previously mentioned zines, it's all too easy to see where most of my initial ideas and inspiration came from. Unfortunately, the same format I use has been used to death when it comes to music mags, which leads to some rather stale zines. I try to incorporate some kooky things like the root beer reviews and articles about activities I enjoy, such as Skateboarding and hiking, for example, to help set my zine apart from the rest. Really though, I think almost any zine can be interesting, whether it's format is tired and true or not, as long as the editor puts fourth some added imagination, a somewhat objective point of view, and most importantly, a sense of humor. I know Help is far from the most original zine ever, but I think it serves it's purpose quite well. I never intended to set a new standard in the world of zine making anyway, but I'd like to think I created a clean, informative zine that's also managed to make a few people smile.

What is your favorite zine to read, and why?

I think I kind of covered that in your last question, but hands down I'd have to say Indecision and Good and Plenty are my two favorite zines of all time, simply because they're the first two zines I can remember reading, and also because they've been such a source of inspiration for me. Friendly Letter, and old skate zine out of Vegas, deserves mention as one of my all time faves as well, since it's the first zine from L.V. I can remember being excited about. As far as zines that are alive and kicking go, I'd have to say that Change and Monkeybite are

current favorites. Both zines have clean layouts, are jam packed from cover to cover with informative content, and the editors have a genuine sense of humor. Too many people involved with punk and HXC tend to take themselves way too seriously, especially in the straight edge scene, and the last thing I want to read is a stuffy, self-righteous zine filled with articles about straight edge and veganism. Don't get me wrong, I definitely like zines that can tackle some serious topics, but any form of the old "it's my way or the highway" attitude is a turn-off for me.

R: If you stick to the music you started with, and don't change, whats with that?

L: I guess to be cool, you have to be playing for 10 years and sell a couple of CDs and have a handfull of fans, as opposed to selling thousands and having legions of fans.

J: We all would.

If you were stranded on an island with only one thing, what would it be, and why?

J: My bass, an infinity of fun.

E: A cellular phone

L: My girlfriend, because gods greatest gift to man was woman.

R: Ginger and Marian

P: A violin, I'd like to learn a new instrument since I'm gonna have so much time.

Do you have any closing statements?

R: Yeah, we'd like to welcome Jeremy to the band, and i've been depressed lately about our musical slump, but I think its all picking up because of Jeremy.

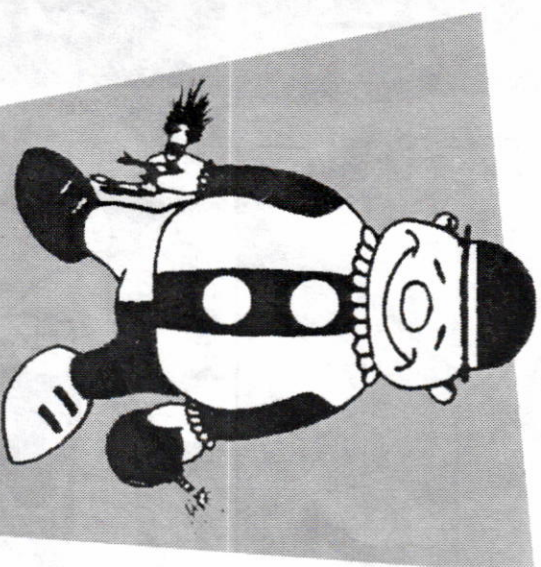
J: Thanks Richard.

L: We're in the studio working on our next full-length, it should be out by January of '98 on CD and cass. Also we

have a 4-way split with Funky Chicken Records and another 7" with NCTM-Records that will probably be out by

November, so be on the lookout.

J: Sex, beer, and punk rock.



Second Chance POB 90336 City
of Industry, CA 91715-0336
or Loadedrec@aol.com

second chance

Why the name Second Chance?

R: We were kicking back in Jeremy's garage (before he joined the band), about 3 years ago, and we were listening to Face To Face, the song "I'm not afraid" was playing, and it said 'I didn't a second chance' and since then the rest is history.

Does it have any meaning?

SC: Yeah, it's pretty much not giving up kind of thing, no matter how many times life kicks you in the ass, you always get back up and give it another try.

What are your influences?

L: It ranges. Like the Descendents and Social D had a lot of influence, but I pretty much listen to

everything, well mostly.

P: Stevie Ray Vaughn, The Misfits
J: Rancid

E: the cast of the the movie kids and the Beastie Bogs (everyone laughs).

R: Engelbird Humpertink, Sublime, Gwen.

Has the band run into any racial prejudice because of your being Hispanic?

L: Just once that I can remember, at the Showcase in Corona, it was battle of the bands and we went up and sounded good, but everybody just sort of stared. We ended the set with a cover of Buddy Holly's "Oh Boy" and everyone slammed, but before that, nothing.

R: There were no fights or anything but we were still treated different.

Do you think that Latino culture should be noticed, and why?

SC: Well everybody should be noticed in punk rock, whether it be White, Black, Brown, Green, it should all be the same. If a band kicks ass and is Mexican, that shouldn't mean anything but that the band kicks ass.

In your opinion, what needs to be changed in punk rock?

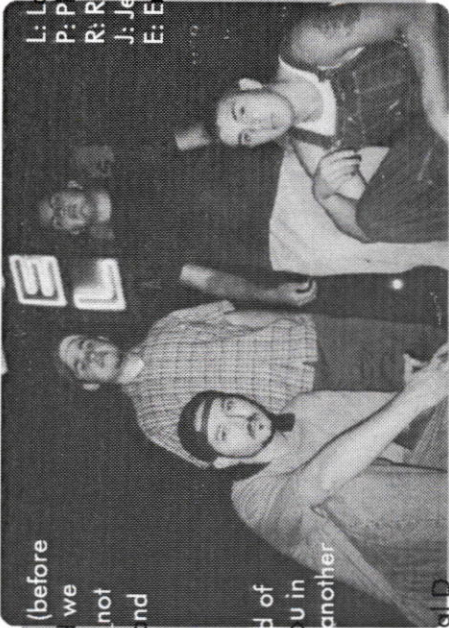
SC: All of the stereotypes on what a band should look like and sound like and all that shit.

You released a full-length on your own label, Loaded Records, are there any other bands on your label?

L: There are a few bands we work with and are going to be doing a few 7" with. But other than that, Loaded was created to release mainly our stuff. But lately I've been thinking of releasing a comp. We've played with a lot of bands and I think it would be cool to put them on a CD, so who knows.

What do you think of bands "selling out," it seems that it's becoming more acceptable everyday. I know where I stand, but what do you think about it?

L: Larry—drums
P: Phillip—guitar
R: Richard—vox
J: Jeremy—bass
E: Eric—guitar



I don't know, I guess my favorite zines are one's that can be serious in a light-hearted manner, if that makes any sense.

What pisses you off about hardcore these days?

To tell you the truth, there are a number of things that have always pissed me off about HXC, but the whole crew thing within the straight edge scene and the "holier than thou" attitude that usually comes hand in hand has been on my mind a lot lately, as I have no time for the jock mentality these kids convey. Take the Monster Crew or the Courage Crew, for example. It's like you have this gang of kids who group themselves together because they all look and think the same, and because they all think they have the answers to the worlds problems, they basically want everyone to be just like them. More often than not, as is the case with the two previously mentioned crews. They impose their desire for everyone to live by their threats and violence, and anyone who is different is looked upon as the enemy. What these kids fail to realize is that the world is, and hopefully always will be, is made up of individuals, and what works for them isn't necessarily the answer for everyone. I originally turned to punk and HC because I fuckin' hated the popular kids in high school telling me I had to act or dress a certain way, but I guess conformity lurks everywhere in some form or another.

I don't know, maybe I'm stereotyping these kids far more than they deserve, but I seriously wonder how many of the Monster Crew or the Courage Crew would still be straight edge or vegan if there was no scene out there were no bands. How cool would it be to live such a life style then? The way I see it, the only rules that really matter in life are the ones you make for yourself, and I guess I've always looked at things like SXE and veganism as more of a personal choice instead of the crusade against humanity these kids have created. Put it this way, I live my life the way I do because it works for me, and not because I have the be all/end all to the worlds problems.

What would you like to see more of in Hardcore?

I'd definitely like to see more bands and zines taking punk and HC into a more grassroots level. If I can't reach out and touch a band, I don't even want to see'em play, and I haven't been too impressed with any of the glossy zines I've seen lately, either. For the most part, all these big time bands and pseudo magazines tend to be all style and no substance, and I've been a lot about how the youth movement during the 60's was torn apart once it became fashionable to be a "hippie". The real ideals were lost in the shuffle as a truly alternative lifestyle was reduced to little more than a look or a certain style of music. I see punk and HC the same path, unless we begin to look past the factions and the fashion we've created in the scene. There are so many different kinds of music in the punk scene these days, and each genre has their own look and sound. With all the classifications we've placed on our selves, we tend to forget that were all basically fighting the same fight against society, and instead we worry more about appearance or whether we should like a certain band because they're metal or emo or whatever. I think all subdivisions within the scene are shit, and as cliché as it sounds, I'm concerned with what someone has inside than anything. Besides, there's worthwhile individuals involved with every genre of this underground music scene, and I don't see why anyone would want to limit themselves by worrying about what someone fits into a certain category. I think we'd all be better off if we lived with the simple notion that the main thing that we are trying to make the best of life. Besides, punk and HC aren't an alternative to anything when our main concern is with fashions and fads.

Besides IBC, what root beer do you drink most often?

Ha! I'm actually surprised so many people have taken interest in root beer reviews. The idea for the reviews started one night when I was hanging out with some friends. We were so bored that we started arguing about which root beer we thought was best. I thought I could have the final say if I put my opinion down on paper, and I also figured that would make me the resident expert on the subject, so to speak. Anyway, as far as drinking any other root beer besides IBC goes, I don't. IBC is the best, plain and simple. I suppose if I had to drink another root beer on a regular basis, I'd go with either Weinhardt's or Thomas Kemper. Both are right up there with IBC in almost every category, but for the sake of sticking to my guns, my fridge is stocked with the one and only.

Do you prefer canned or bottled?

Bottled, without a doubt. Not only does it taste better, but you can also pose like you're drinking a real beer. We all know just how cool that looks right? With a bottle of IBC in hand, you can bro down with the best of 'em at any party, and if you want to look like a real animal, all you have to do is grab an ice cold quart and twist it back a taste. There's no denying anyone with a bottle in

their hand when it comes time to celebrate, although smashing cans on your head is cool too.

If you were part of some freak experiment where you had to be locked up in a room for 30 days with only one item, what would it be?

Hmm...I guess I'd say my skateboard or my guitar. If there was enough room to skate, I'd try to get as many tricks wired as possible in 30 days time. Otherwise, I'd take the old six-stringer along and simply jam for 30 days straight. I'd try to figure out all the old HXC classics, all of my favorite '80s metal songs, and as many Go Go's songs as I could. I also think it would be cool to have something as simple as a pen or a marker, so you could keep a written diary of your 30 days in hell on the walls surrounding you. With that much time to sit around and think, I know I'd come up with some crazy stuff, and I'd definitely like to keep a written record of the whole ordeal. After I was finally released, I could take my entries and make them into a little zine or something. Maybe the experiment could include like ten separate people in their own little rooms to make things more interesting.

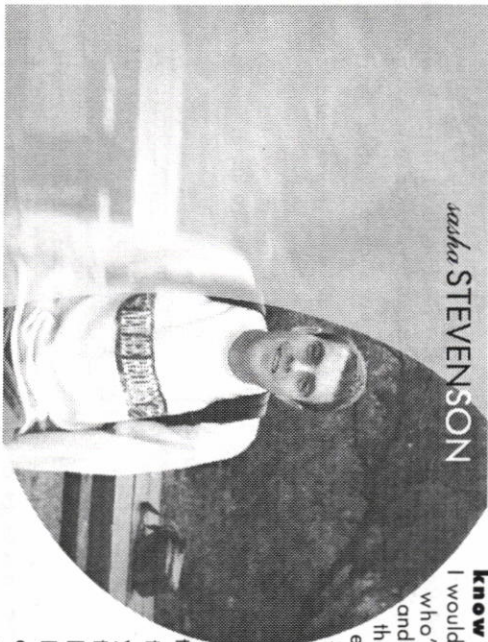
Is there anything weird or cool about you that we don't know about?

I wouldn't say there's anything all that cool about me. I'm just a kid who's trying to make life as exciting and as memorable as possible, which isn't anything different than what most people should be doing. I don't know, I think everyone's unique in their own little way, which is what makes the world go round, right? For the sake of answering your question, though...I'm a big Iron Maiden fan, which would probably surprise a few people. I can remember having to hide my records from my parents when I was a kid because I thought they'd be bummed on me. I was your typical straight A student, middle of the road kind of kid at the time, but I sure love Eddie and old Iron Maiden. I guess you can say I was an old closet Maiden fan. At any rate, those records were such a big part of my life that I can't help but love 'em still. I have most of the vinyl I want, but if anyone out there has any T-shirts or posters they can part with, I'd be forever grateful. Long live Eddie.

Do you have any closing statements?

Ah, a chance at some last word, and I'm probably going to blow it. I just want to say thanks to you, Bobby, for the interview and good luck with your zine. Big thanks also to everyone who has supported Help over the years, especially all the kids in Las Vegas. Oh, and I should have a new issue out later this year, so watch for that.

sasha STEVENSON



Help Fanzine

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ryan WELLS



help

SECOND CHANCE

interview by: the Bobby

Second Chance is a powerful, yet melodic punk band from Southern California. They get their sound from a wide variety of musical influences, ranging from punk, blues, spanish, and just about everything inbetween. If you're looking for a hard hitting band with a full length CD to be released on Loaded Records about the time you read this.

columns

By: the Bobby

So here I am, taking my step into the real world, and I really don't know what to do with my life. In two days I graduate from high school, after that I'm on my own, but I don't have a clue as to where my life is heading! I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared. Luckily, I have a good paying job with cool bosses, or else I'd really be fucked.

I look at one half of my friends, they have scholarships or rich parents, so their college life is set. The other half dropped out and can give two shits about life, let alone college. So here I am, stuck in the middle of it all; my family can't afford to ship me off to a nice school, so I'm stuck going to community college, paying for it all myself. In a way it feels good not living off my parent's cash. It will also lessen my chance of quitting, being that I am working my ass off to keep going. As of right now, I have no idea where I am heading and how I am getting there. But I do know that I don't want to live off the scene, it just doesn't seem like much fun.

As much as I feel sorry for my friends who have dropped out of school, I can't really show much sympathy for them. They're the one's who fucked up.

It's not like high school was a breeze or anything, but it sure in hell wasn't as hard as they make it out to be. People act as if they don't need an education to make it in the real world, they figure that their minimum wage Taco Bell job is going to get them by in life. It makes me mad when my friends are the one's with that attitude, I just can't stand it when they don't care.

So what am I supposed to do? Should I feel sorry for them? I don't want to lose my friends. What I do know is that I'm on my own now, and it's time for me to make my own decisions in life. I must take care of my own problems before I go out and try to solve my friends'.

Why the fuck is PunkRock (and anything and everything involved with) so sexist?! I fucking hate going to shows and seeing a 3 to 1 ratio of boys to girls! And if that ain't

bad enough, most of those girls at the show are only there because their boyfriends made them go. Here in

Vegas the scene is pretty damn large. When a girl gets

off her-ass-and-does-something for the scene, all of us guys ever do is complain about how better we could of done it, when in reality we were too lazy to do it in the first place. This fact advances the-question: What's so wrong with a girl helping out? I would personally love to see more girls actually doing something besides "standing by their man." Hey, you never know, more girls helping out just might make the scene a little better. B (not obvious, even if stupid in content)

I just hate going to shows and seeing girls with bored looks on their faces. Maybe if we just gave them the attention and respect they deserve, they might appreciate being there, and have a good time for once. We have to approach them as people, as friends, not the human coat racks we treat them as. Hey, they are intelligent, capable human beings-and, if given the chance, might actually want to help. Who knows, you might even obtain a fresh perspective on things.

The main purpose of this piece is to help some of you open your eyes. I hope that every guy who reads this will give the girls in the scene the respect that they deserve.

By: the Bobby

ing

If you're reading this zine, you're, no doubt, interested in the hardcore/punkrock scene. Well, I'm here to tell you that the backyard bowling scene can kick the music scene's ass any day of the week. You may have been creeping through somebody's backyard at night and witnessed some kids playing this fun-filled sport. But, not to be fooled. Backyard bowling is not just for children; it is a sport for all of mankind.

As you can see by this action packed photo, backyard bowling is a fun yet simple game. The object of backyard bowling

is basically to roll bowling balls off a mound of dirt and hit whatever you

can. You can try to hit soda cans, birds, other bowling balls, dogs, or if you prefer, you can try to hit your opponents with bowling balls. It does n't matter what you hit; all that matters is that you're having fun.

ALSO, IF YOU END A

GAME OF backyard bowling, and you say to your friend, "Friend, I think I win. I beat you 72-45," then you're doing something wrong. For, you see, there are no rules in backyard bowling. There are no losers in the game,

ever. This is because everybody who plays the game is a winner. The only losers are those who choose not to play.

I, the author of this article, have not personally played backyard bowling, which, unfortunately, makes me a loser. But, I have done my research on the subject, which only really makes me half a loser. Backyard bowling, by the way, origin in the great, yet little known, country of Norvakia. If you look on a map, it is situated snugly between Georgia and Slovakia. When I say Georgia, I

mean, of course, the newly form soviet republic, not the state. Norvakia, too, is a newly formed soviet republic, which is why you haven't heard of it. If you are still confused, let me help you: Georgia, the state is full of hicks and peaches, whereas Georgia, the soviet republic is full of kids trying to save their dying families by stealing wine and bread.

So, there in the frosted hills of the republic of

Norvakia, the great sport of backyard bowling was born. Norvakian kids, evidently, are very poor, so they use ping-pong balls instead of bowling balls, because, as you know ping-pong balls are a mite cheaper than bowling balls. They called it backyard ping-pong tossing. Ping-pong balls are harder to play with, because of their light weight and small size. But, we Americans are lucky enough to have bigger balls than those of the Norvakians, so take advantage of them! Do you hear me people?! Use your big balls and play backyard bowling!!!! I'm

serious. Right now, stop reading this zine, go get a bowling ball somewhere, and play. If you don't have a bowling ball, you can steal one from places such as K-Mart or your local bowling alley, they can afford it. The cheesy clown-looking bowling shoes are not necessary to play backyard bowling, so don't worry about it. So, what I'm trying to tell you is: get a life, get a bowling ball, get some friends, and go play backyard bowling!

By: Edgar Evoy



backyard bowl-

columns

Alas, you have finally reached the apex of knowledge. Prepare to **back in the** serenity and tranquility that are the substance of my written thoughts. All right, enough with the melodrama... Onward.

For this piece I have chosen to write about: social Darwinism and its effect on the hardcore scene, or Emerson's Nature and it's relevance to the religious sub-culture resident in punk rock, or 'How to make a "HARD" band name (i.e. Bruke Force, Curl Up and Die, I Ate Your Grandpa's Gizzard, etc.), or maybe even the decisions backing the choice of scenesters to dive into the 'fuck

ible supply of evangelist-like bullshit, I will move on to a totally unrelated topic. That being: my stand on flesh, drugs, sex, and rock n' roll. First, I eat meat, I like meat, a great deal of my friends abstain from this activity and I respect their choice, enough said. I **don't take drugs, as long as you don't count caffeine—I'm a computer geek, its my weakness, or drink but, I am not a straight edge, militant, carve-an-"X"-in-your-skull-if-you-don't-abide-my-rules type of guy.** I just don't do drugs or drink alcohol, I never have and, probably, never will. I am not immune to the pleasures of the female body, nor do I regret this fact, so be it. I love the Bouncing Souls, Led Zeppelin, and Underworld. I listen to a plethora of punk rock and hardcore, but I am far from being an aficionado on the subject. That's me, in a nutshell, by the way I am also a total artsy fartsy computer geek who used to be an ex-jock, but you probably don't care. I hope this helped you to understand my views on

By: the david

You're young, therefore you're dumb.

The later of these topics, I choose to briefly address, due to the fact that it has recently reared its ugly head in my **direction.** I am somewhat confused at the necessity afforded to sex in the scene these days. Don't misunderstand my confusion, I have partaken in the sensual pleasures of the flesh, and have thoroughly enjoyed myself, but I have limited my intercourse with the opposite **sex to love that** of love enhanced relationships. This is where the conundrum factors in. Let me try to explain via analogy: Imagine, if you will, an olympic sized swimming pool. We will, for purposes of **fulfilling human nature,** name this pool the 'fuck pool.' Now, bathing in the murky water of this pool are a myriad of patrons. Some are seasoned veterans who have swum laps with many a partner, others are newbies ready to enter the sprint competition and rack up as many points as possible, and others yet hope to conquer the mysteries that lie in the depths of the pool and will not cease until every swimmer has been, thoroughly, examined. I personally have not chosen to drown myself in the contaminated waters of the 'fuck pool,' but, merely, afforded myself the pleasure of dipping my toe in, to test the water. Others like myself, and those with even more reserve, have also chosen similar routes. They seem not to regret as much as those treading water in the 'pool of love.'

My point, though clouded by my windbag analogy, is a question: Why does sex, for so many scenesters, have to be an impassionate, quantity not quality, drunk wrestling match? With that point exclamationed, Why do I have to hear about, who boned who, and how "Punk Rock Larry" stuck his fist up some butt-slut's ass? I guess what I am trying to say, in so many ineloquent words, is: "How about you quit screwing each other, for fun, and then surrounding everyone else with your expletive laden descriptions of ecstasy and woe!" There you have it, my take on the depths of the 'fuck pool.'

Now that I have spewed forth my, seemingly, inexhaust-

It makes me sick when adults act as though they're smarter just because their older. All they are doing is throwing around that title of being an **elder. They act as though they are superior,** just because they're middle aged. They use phrases like, "I've lived longer, so I know more about life", when in reality most of them are just as lost as I am. I've seen adults who are just as clueless as the day they were born. No one is perfect, especially not those "holier than thou adults". They believe that just because they make the rules, they don't have to abide by them. It seems that they think that being old means that they don't have to respect anyone. Well, respect is a two way street. No one has the right to disrespect anyone unless they disrespect me. It's like that infamous line, "Kids today , no respect.", well 'I've got something to say to that, show me a little respect you old fuck, and maybe you'll get a little.

I know what's going on in the world just as much as they do, except I think the young people like me have one up on the adults. That one thing is that young people have not lived long enough to live in the past, therefore we're more alert to what's going on now, which is what matters.

I wonder what age I will be when I become tired, upright, and fed up with life in general. For me I don't think that day will ever come, and I hope it never comes for any of my peers.

By: Terry



Jerry
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now that bands that were rad a few years ago have now, for some dumb reason, **changed their style and now are on Victory and they no longer have the same effect that they used to have on the kids.** In twenty years Atari will just be another band that has past through the doors of great Hardcore bands—knowing, not we, made a little difference in the scene and had fun doing it is all that matters.

So what do you guys do when you're not playing music, any hobbies?

Skateboarding is the number one pastime for most of us. Brett and I, along with Nate skate as much as we can. Andrew tries to skate if he can keep a board for more than two weeks, and if his cash flow is flowing at all which is **very rare,** so if you kids feel sorry for him send your old decks or even any skate accessory to us. Jonny likes to take walks in the woods and he loves the beach a lot, plus Perkins. Gassler loves sleeping and working at the cement factory where he gets to use a jack hammer, he also supplies us with plenty of ear plugs for you out there just getting into Hardcore, make sure you wear ear plugs because my damn ears ring constantly and I regret not wearing them earlier. Who cares if they come in gay colors. Brett is never without his skateboard and a Flits song in his head. Nate likes to throw up some burns and all I do is write letters to fans and make them happy, plus I love to play ping-pong.

Any closing statements?

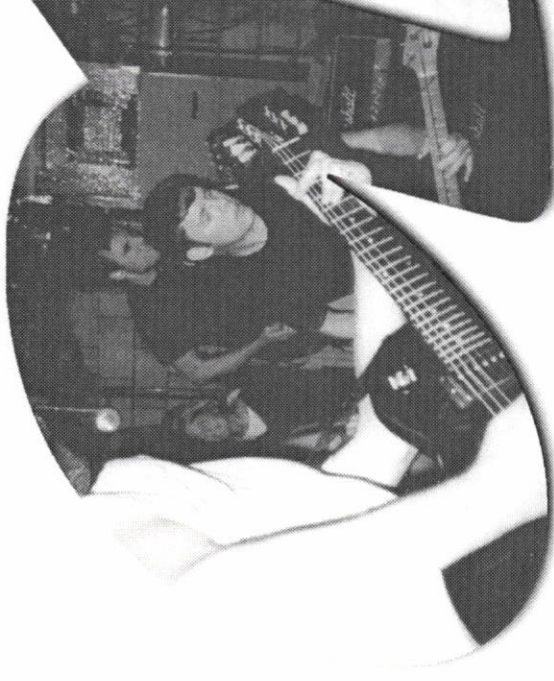
"It's one hell of a world!!!"
Rain on the Parade and Floorpunch kicks total ass, the new March 1998 issue of Transworld. Look for FroFros casino/hardcore club/skateshop opening up in the near future and Jamie from Rancor is not fat, he is just big boned.



You can contact ATARI at:
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Kutztown, PA 19530



atari



Why the name ATARI?
Well, it wasn't the first idea that we thought of but it represents something from all of our pasts and I remember spending hours playing games like Pitfall and Donkey Kong.

So what's your favorite Atari game?
I would have to go with Pitfall and Missile Command because those are the two games I loved.

For those who don't know, what is the legend of ATARI?
ATARI was formed back in the summer of '94. At first it was just some sort of hype and we really didn't know what would take place once we started the band. The goal was to play fast, old school hardcore and have fun doing it. Lots of high kicks, pile-ons, and sing-alongs were a must for ATARI.

Band members have changed since the creation of ATARI. But the current line up is: Brett 'berserk' Barto—doing the vox, Jonny 'sprint' Nigro—on drums, Bryan 'Invader' Gassler—on bass, Nate 'Pitfall' Clemens—on guitar, and Andrew 'Kaboom' Low—on guitar.

What bands have had the most influence on your style, and why do you guys play this kind of Hard Core?

Turning Point, Chain of Strength, & Gorilla Biscuits are some of the bands that have the most influence on our music. Fast beats, pickslides, and breakdowns are essential to Hardcore. We play hardcore, and besides everything else sucks, none of us can rap and Brett is the only one who can line dance.

What brought you guys into Hardcore, and what would you say brings kids into it?

Skating would definitely have some major reasons for us getting into hardcore. Thrasher used to review all the old HXC bands in their review section and that made me want to go to more and more shows, let alone the great fun that I had at them. I think the whole friendship and bonding that HXC brings to the kids is one reason that some of them get into the scene.

What is your view on the whole militant, hard-line, and veganism thing portrayed in a hateful manner?

Well, everyone is allowed to do what they want with their lives, but when it involves hurting others because of their own different beliefs, then it has gone too far. Also, a lot of those kids who are militant are as strong as my 83 year old Grandmother. Vegans? Well I have one thing to say and that is that the Chillies chicken crispers are the Bomb!

What, in your eyes, besides the above, needs to be changed in Hardcore?

I think more chicks need to start wearing sexier clothing from Delias, and that any tuff guy who thinks he can beat me up probably can, but remember that they will get theirs, in the end. The kids who wear their precious Nike shoes to show that they are too afraid to sing along to their favorite cover song should not be there, but out on the basketball court shouting foul shouts. Anyone interested in playing ATARI at basketball can just forget it because we got 3 pros who lead their high school teams to state.



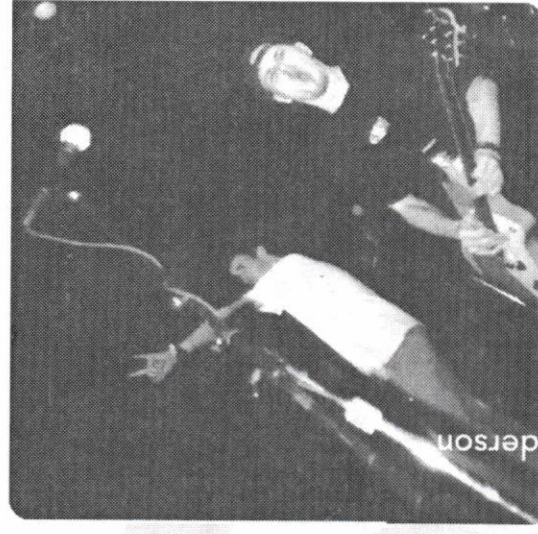
In twenty years, where do you think Hardcore will be, where will you guys be?
I have a feeling that hardcore will continue to go through its ups and downs. Awesome bands will come and be remembered and lots of shitty bands (like Rancor) will be around for way too long. Also, I see

shelflife



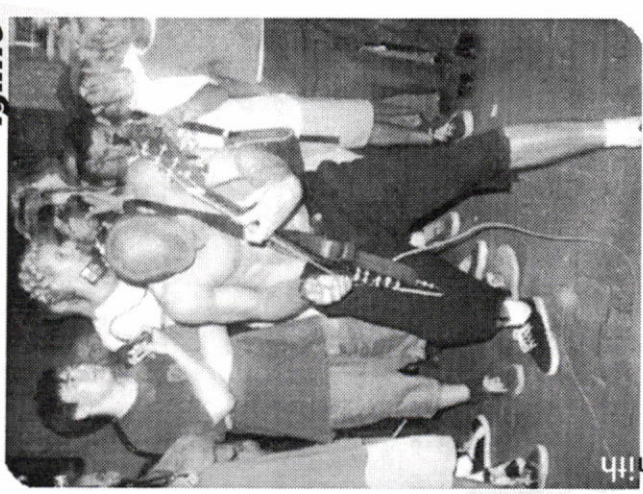
jade Reed

vandals



Jared Anderson

ignite



mall Smith



dan Carolin

damnation a.d.

pias

If there's one thing that bothers me more than anything, it's that girls have bought into their oppression. All too often I see females that appreciate the chivalry of their oppressors. Chivalry is just a prettier package of shockles. One that some have been tricked into and others have found comfort in.

Women are not inferior, nor should they be treated as so. A girl can take an insult, punch or anything as well as a man and she should expect to. Women should not be protected by their male equivalent.

They shouldn't hide behind the false sense of security that they are the "weaker sex" and will be protected by the big strong "mentfolk." If I hear one more pity-smearred male say the "charity phrase", "I don't hit girls," I intend on beating him to a bloody pulp or until he fights back.

Female, women, girls, what ever they are called, are people too. They eat and fight, get mad and bored and sick, they skip showers and forget to brush their teeth, they sweat and yes, their shit even stinks, there just like men, boys, males or whatever you call them. They're people capable and sometimes all too willing to take any and everything they deserve, be it abuse, praise, or what ever else they have coming for doing what they do saying what they say or being who they are. Just like you they are people, without a cock or balls between their legs, but people just the same.

By: *Beetles*



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The day is the fourth of July in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-eight. We find ourselves set in the dark and desolate isolation of the tubes. Booms broke the silence of the night as bottle-rockets and m-80's blew themselves into the firework afterlife. Teenagers, of the punk rock variety, scattered about, seeking shelter from the onslaught of their peers and their weapons of destruction. More bangs and cracks echoed into the night as bottle-rockets whistled and flew through the air. A particular band of jovial teens, partaking in the night's activities, arrived in a couple of beat up cars. With IBC rootbeers in hand they marched toward the show with the prospect of the night's fun ahead.

Time faded away as the crowd of sceneesters eagerly awaited the arrival of the generator. Time was killed with the explosion of more illegal fireworks purchase

from an Indian reservation. At the arrival of the generator the crowd gathered round the band and was soothed into relaxation by the grindcore stylings of "The End." During the performance news spread that two unexpected out of state bands were on the ticket for the night. Eager anticipation spread through the crowd as the nature of the band's musical style was tossed around. The band set up their equipment while in the crowd donations were being given to support their trip back to Rhode Island. Upon first glance the members of the band seemed relatively normal with light, generic T-shirts (characteristic of those found at Savers), Converse shoes, and hair reminiscent of the early Beetles. But all that would change....

The band all set up for their Las Vegas debut, ready themselves for their first song. The drummer beat his arms with his sticks in what seemed to be a masochistic ritual. Then singer proclaimed, "We're Black Dice and we're from Rhode Island." At that, the band exploded with all the energy and fury of a 100 megaton nuclear dildo. Bodies flew about, as if tossed like dolls. The bassist plowed his way backwards through the crowd, leaving bodies sprawling about the ground. The lead singer, screaming like a banshee, flailed his arms and wailed into the mic. And as suddenly as it started, the song ended, and the tide of fury ebbed, for the time being. The singer screamed at the drummer to play the next song, but the drummer met his urging with a cold, "Shut up!"

Then it began again, even more furious than the last time. Song after song faded away on waves of raw energy. Rocks were thrown, bodies were mangled, and unsuspecting beer bottles were thrown to the ground. Then an event so horrifying and terror inducing occurred, that this writer has trouble putting it into words. The guitarist whispered a few words into the

singer's ear and at these words the singer turned and pointed maliciously at an unsuspecting member of the audience. At this gesture the spectator blew a mock kiss in the direction of the singer, which only served to infuriate him more so. As the song began the spectator was attacked in, what can only be described as, a gangstyle beatdown. But being the warrior that he was, the spectator stood his ground unaffected by the onslaught. Until.... A member of the band's posse ran at the spectator and, with jaws exposed and dripping with malicious intent, clamped onto the meat of the unsuspecting victim's stomach with his teeth. The spectator pushed the robid man away and turned to find the lead singer plowing at him full speed. The singer slammed into the victim's chest and fell backward as if he were a racquetball thrown at a wall. As the confusion subsided, the warrior was left standing with a confused grin on his face. The dilemma roged in his head, should he like them for their music, or hate them for their actions? So the debate rages on, to this day...

By: *the david*

columns

Interview by: the Bobby

ATARI

is an interview with ATARI's rodie/shitworker Chris, who also used to sing for the band, but now (by his own will) he does all of the crappy grunt work. If you didn't know, ATARI is a fast oldstyle SXE HXC band from a small town in Pennsylvania called Kutztown. I think that they rule and so that's why you're reading this interview right now. Anyways, Chris is a pretty cool guy, and he has some pretty cool things to say, so read dammit!